Glo. I know not whether to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As *I* had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much *I* need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of maieſtie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him *I* lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtarres,
Which God defend that *I* ſhould wring frō him.
Buc. My lord, this argues cōſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that Edward is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For firſt he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterward by ſubſtitute betrothed
To Bona, ſiſter to the king of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies,
Made prize and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This *Edward*, whom our maners terme the prince:
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute,
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie:
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor *I* will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhal neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downfall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham.
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord, and accept their ſute.
Ano. Do good my Lord, leaſt all the land do rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule.
Couzen of *Buckingham*, and you ſage graue men,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.49) Octavo